

# PROSPERITY'S FACTS.

## FIGURES ILLUSTRATIVE OF EXISTING CONDITIONS.

**Enormous Increase in the Amount of Money in the Hands of the People, and in the Vaults of the National Treasury.**

In a timely and instructive contribution to the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia Frank A. Vanderlip, assistant secretary of the treasury, brings into view some of the splendid facts of the prosperity with which the people of the United States are blessed, and for which they mainly have to thank the change in national policies brought about by the presidential election of 1896. The assistant secretary, whose relations to government finances enable him to speak with knowledge and authority, draws attention to the remarkable statistics of the iron trade as presenting "a comparison of both relative and absolute development such as has not been seen before." Some of the facts resulting from wise economic laws are best stated in Mr. Vanderlip's own words:

"A decade ago we imported \$71,000,000 and exported \$14,000,000 of iron and steel manufactures. Since that time imports have steadily fallen and exports risen, until for the fiscal year 1896 we imported but \$12,000,000 and exported nearly \$94,000,000. In spite of this unparalleled production the price of pig iron rose in eight months, February to September, from \$1 to \$24 a ton, and at this advance nearly every mill in the country is so busy that practically no orders can be accepted for early delivery.

"For five years we imported almost double the value of manufactures that we exported. For the fiscal year 1893 we exported nearly \$80,000,000 more manufactured goods than we imported. In 1898, for the first time, our exportations of manufactures exceeded the importations, the excess being about 25 per cent."

Where for many years we imported on an average of \$1,000,000 of manufactured goods a day and exported about half that amount, he says, "for the fiscal year just closed we exported considerably more than \$1,000,000 of manufactured goods every working day of the year."

The shipping industry, he says, also shared in the general prosperity, quoting statistics showing the increase in tonnage and in the number of new vessels constructed.

He shows that the bank clearings have increased 41 per cent and the deposits 23 per cent. If the figures were contrasted with those of three years ago the increase in the deposits would be 70 per cent.

He shows in the two years up to Oct. 1, 1899, the total money circulation in the people's hands has increased \$270,000,000.

"The total gold in the country today," he says, "stands at \$1,000,000,000, which contrasts with \$641,000,000 three years ago. Gold is becoming the everyday money of commerce, and is no longer found only locked up in banks and safe deposit vaults."

Another fact he brings out is the breaking of large bills into small ones. In four years the number of \$1 bills has been increased from \$40,000,000 to \$57,000,000; of \$2 bills from \$28,000,000 to \$36,000,000 and of \$5 bills from \$245,000,000 to \$291,000,000.

The government securities have advanced and the agricultural department estimates that the value of farm animals has increased \$312,000,000. Money orders have increased more than \$20,000,000. Immigration has increased 36 per cent.

All these things have come to pass, together with many other things of equal importance, under a strictly American administration. The tide turned when we began to show less concern for the fortunes of our own people.

### SAMPLE INDUSTRIAL BOOM.

#### Result of Placing National Affairs in Honest and Capable Hands.

No better illustration of our country's new prosperity can be obtained than in the work of the great locomotive building plants. Never before in the history of the concerns have they had so many men on the pay rolls, never before have they turned out so many locomotives in a year, and never before have they been so far behind in their orders. During last month the famous Baldwin works turned out ninety-two locomotives, an average of over three for every working day in the month. And they are bigger and better locomotives, too, than the roads used to order. No railroad now orders for its main line freight and passenger service engines that weigh forty to fifty tons, for everything now is from 100 to 120 tons in weight. Until prosperity returned to this country with the incoming of President McKinley the locomotive industry was simply paralyzed. The last good year was in 1893, and from then on until Republicanism and Protection returned, the big shops were closed half the time and running on half forces and half time the remainder of the year. The railroads were ordering about half as many locomotives as they needed to keep up the ordinary wear and tear, for it was very plain to them that there was a crisis in the affairs of this country, and they wanted to be able to see daylight before they made any great improvements in their rolling stock. The sudden revival of business compelled the roads to replace their worn out engines, and now the builders are having a hard time filling orders. The policy of Protection has also created a great foreign demand

for the American built locomotives, and several hundred engines will be sent abroad this year. In the one big shop of the Baldwin works there are now 7,250 men at work, and the company is planning extensions and improvements that will make their plant still larger. It is but a sample of the prosperity that comes to all when the affairs of our nation are in capable and honest hands.—Des Moines (Ia.) State Register.

### IN SAFE HANDS.

#### The French Reciprocity Treaty Certainly to Be Rigidly Scrutinized.

General interest has been excited regarding the provisions of the new reciprocity treaty between the United States and France, now awaiting the consideration of congress, by the publication in the American Economist of Nov. 24 of information setting forth the injury that would be inflicted upon the domestic coal, dye and color industry by the proposed reduction of 20 per cent in the duty on that class of French products. From the letter of our Washington correspondent, which is printed in the current issue of the Economist, it appears that through regard for the traditional courtesy due to the senate as the co-ordinate treaty making branch of our government it is necessary that the publication of the treaty be deferred until the instrument shall have been transmitted to the senate. It also appears that in due time the treaty will come before the house of representatives for practical review by that body, and that full information will be had by the public long before conclusive action shall be taken by congress.

Meanwhile it is safe to assume that the proposed reciprocity treaty will have received careful examination by the administration and its operations and effect fully ascertained. Therefore the interests of all the different industries concerned are in safe hands, for the present administration is thoroughly American, thoroughly Protectionist, thoroughly Republican.

In order that accurate and reliable information may be available as a guide in the treatment of this important question the American Economist invites expressions on the subject from the industries that are affected by the proposed reciprocity treaty.

#### In Free-Trade Tariff Times.



#### In Protective Tariff Times.



#### Why, Indeed.

Every now and again some upholder of free trade, who is more ardent than he is well informed, claims that working men and women in this country receive no better wages than do those in the same line of work in other countries. One such ranter was once holding forth at a public meeting, along these lines. After he had had it all his own way for some time, a brawny laboring man, who had been in this country only long enough to become naturalized, called out in stentorian tones: "Wages no higher in this country? What are we all here for, then?" waving his hand in the direction of numbers of his comrades, men foreign-born, but at that time American citizens.

It was a stumper. The speaker failed to answer it satisfactorily, and, so far, all the free traders have failed to make an adequate reply to the question. If wages are not any higher in this country than they are in European countries, why do workmen, why, during all these years, have workmen, by thousands and hundreds of thousands, left their own countries and come over to the United States to better their condition? We are still waiting for an answer.

#### A Financial Contrast.

Under Cleveland and free trade we had peace and no extraordinary expenses of any kind, and the government was obliged to issue bonds in order to keep good the national credit and to get gold for our depleted and well-nigh empty treasury. Under McKinley and protection we are conducting a costly war, yet, to relieve stringency in the money market, the secretary of the treasury has offered to take from an overflowing treasury \$25,000,000, and put it into general circulation by buying bonds to that amount. The contrasting circumstances outline in vivid colors the difference there is, in respect to the conditions of our national finances, between free-trade and protection.

# THE POOR MAN'S SUIT.

## American Wage Earners Wear the Best and the Cheapest Clothing.

Under all kinds of tariff laws wealthy people can obtain good clothing. It is the poor and semi-poor who are most vitally interested in such laws. Realizing this fact in a way, the advocates of low tariffs and no tariffs most strenuously insisted that the duty on wool should be removed and that on woollens cut down in order that the poor man's clothing could be reduced in price. The Wilson act made wool duty free and took off both the pound rate or compensating duty and about one-third of the ad valorem duty from woollen cloths. What was the result?

The first result was a great increase in the importation of foreign cloths of low grade, every additional yard of which took the place of a yard of American cloth, and helped to throw American workers out of employment. These foreign cloths, chiefly English, were in general not sound, all wool stuffs, but largely made of cotton and shoddy mixtures. England's use of wool substitute is far in excess of ours per capita, while her proportionate consumption of wool is only two-thirds as great as ours. English woollen manufacturers are adepts in the fabrication of cloths of good appearance from the trashiest materials, and the American market was soon flooded with spurious woollens. The foreign manufacturer had his chance and he reveled in it. If the price of clothing was slightly decreased the standard of quality was decidedly lowered.

The American woollen manufacturer soon saw what he was "up against." He was compelled to compete with the kind of stuff that was making the market. He accordingly began to import wool substitutes. This is clearly proven by the statistics of imports. The McKinley act, which preceded the Wilson act, discouraged the importation of shoddy by a duty of 30 cents a pound. The Wilson act took the opposite course by putting a merely nominal duty of 15 per cent on such materials. During the seven months ending March 31, 1893, the imports of shoddy and waste were 193,487 pounds, and for a like period ending March 31, 1894, only 40,288 pounds. In the seven months ending March 31, 1895 (succeeding the passage of the Wilson act), the imports of shoddy and waste amounted to 9,596,780 pounds, or 225 times the quantity brought in during the same section of the preceding year.

Will any person now assert that the degradation of the American woollens market thus brought about was an advantage to the poor man, even with a considerable reduction in price? And the reduction in price could not be considerable, and was not. A suit of clothes takes on an average about three yards of cloth, the cost of which is, say, about half the first cost of the suit. Reducing the duty on the woollen cloth does not lessen the cost of labor, trimmings or other expenses, and the amount so decreased was found by many expert investigations and calculations to cut but a small figure in the retail price of a suit. But the injury to quality, the lessened durability was a practical and tangible evil, as many a wearer of medium and low-priced clothing discovered.

The Dingley act restored the duty on shoddy as well as on wool and woollens, and the American mills are turning out honest and durable cloths in all grades. The "poor man's suit" costs little if any more than when it was made of a spurious worsted from the shoddy mills of England.

#### McKinley Prosperity in Ohio.

A thorough inquiry into the condition of 225 factories, mills and workshops in Dayton, Hamilton, Middletown, Piqua, Springfield, Cleveland, Toledo and Lima reveals the following facts: Number of men employed in 1896, 50,474; in 1899, 84,580; gain, 34,105. Monthly wages paid in 1896, \$2,414,651; in 1899, \$4,263,491; increase, \$1,848,840. It is estimated that \$3,500,000 per month more is being paid as wages in Ohio this year than in 1896. The increase of wages per man in Cleveland averages \$7.76 per month. The increase per man in the Miami Valley averages \$8.31 per month.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.

#### How It Was Settled.

During the palmy days of Free Trade talk, when Mills and Wilson bills were the fashion of the hour, it was actually prophesied that the passage of the latter bill would settle the question of the tariff for a generation. In fact, it did settle it. It brought in so little revenue that President Cleveland was obliged to borrow right and left, and business went into a hole, and drew the hole in after it. It is a curious fact that the passage of Protective Tariff acts is always followed by periods of prosperity, and the ascendancy of Free Trade has always just as surely brought on panics and hard times.—Ashland (Wis.) Press.

#### Wage Earners Flourish.

A fat pay-roll at the car shops is the very best of business stimulants for St. Charles. Last Friday was pay-day down at the works, and more money than usual was handed out to the men. A good deal over \$25,000 was handed out to the employes. When one considers that pay-day comes twice a month it will be realized what plenty of work at the shops means to St. Charles.—St. Charles (Mo.) Cosmos.

#### The Real Issue.

The greatest issue before the American people is that of business prosperity. When all the mills are open and working overtime, and when the workmen have all they can do and are paid good wages, they have no time to listen to agitators. That is the general condition now.—El Paso (Tex.) Herald.

# DAD AND MAM.

Bixby lies at the crossing of the iron ways out in the desolate West, I should not like to say how many railroad men know the place, or have wondered how they could escape from it. It is always quite pleasant to be leaving Bixby—or it would be if it were not for Dad and Mam.

The first time I saw Dad and Mam was when my route was changed from Omaha to Denver—I am a mail clerk—and I landed at Bixby with a wait of thirty minutes, a horribly empty stomach, and no visible way of filling it. "Don't they eat out this way?" I asked Theo Auditor, who was in the mail car with me.

"I should say so," said he. "If we eat anywhere we eat at Bixby."

"Maceduff," cried I, "if there's any place to lead to, please lead on."

He did. We went down the uninteresting front street, as like to fifty other front streets I had walked down as one pea to another.

"What do people mean by living here," I ruminated aloud. I was a Chicago man and had ideas of my own about what a town should be. Auditor, who came from Peoria, and hated Chicago, answered rather sourly:

"There's no accounting for the dirty holes some folks like to live in."

We turned down a street that was all blackness save for one flashing and welcoming glow that came from the headlight of an engine. The headlight stood before a long, low building with storm doors at the entrance and storm sash at the windows. Once behind that door, the winter had vanished, and we were in a long apartment, brightly lighted with rough gray walls, trimmed with flags and vines, and filled with men.

A shout went up as we entered. "Why, Theo; that you, my boy?" I distinguished a woman's voice saying. "We were thinking this was your night. Is your baby better?"

"O, a heap better, thank you, Mam. This is my assistant, Will Williams. He'll become one of your family, I expect."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said a hearty voice, and I saw a woman with a large, kind face, reaching out her



hand to me across a sort of counter, behind which she sat in a high chair. "My family is large," she said, "but never too large to have additions made to it."

A pleasant, more motherly-looking old woman it would have been hard to find. Her blue eyes beamed at me with a sincere offer of friendliness, and the hand I grasped, had a fine, firm grip to it.

"This is the sort of person one can count on," I concluded, instinctively. A moment later an old man entered, carrying a bucket of coal. He had a large, kind face, too—indeed the husband and wife seemed singularly alike. I was introduced to him and he reached out a grimy hand.

"Where do you live, sir?" "At Omaha." "Married?" "No." "Live with your folks?" "Yes."

"That's good. That's mighty good. Glad to see you here. Hope you'll make yourself acquainted with all our boys."

By this time Mam had a luncheon laid for us on a snowy tablecloth. I am a trifle fastidious about my eating, and there have been times when I nearly starved to death because I could not force down the fare I got at railroad eating houses. But this meal, though simple, was delicious, and I ate until I was actually ashamed of myself.

I talked but little; it was better to listen. The laughter and conversation going on was like that of a home circle. Mam led it, and she seemed to know all about everybody, and to be giving everyone a bit of friendly encouragement.

"O, you'll soon be fixed all right," she said to a young fellow who had confessed to her that his new house-keeping was on a small scale. "When I was first married I had only one flat-iron to my name, and I couldn't seem to get money enough together to buy another. So I used to use it until it was cold, and then do something else till it got hot again. But it was awful trying. Dad's shirts used to get dry as bones while I was waiting for that flat-iron to heat. But it's better now, as you see. I own six irons now," she concluded with an accent of dry humor. "O, you're a rich woman now, Mam," cried one of the "boys."

# "Dad and Mam."

"Don't forget that I've traveled." This appeared to be a tremendous joke, and Mam chuckled and shook over it and Dad chuckled and shook. The "boys" made merry over it too, and Mam couldn't let the joke go, but cried between her fits of laughter.

"Not everyone has traveled, you know. It makes a great difference. I don't care to associate myself with folks that haven't traveled."

We had to leave then, and as we hastened along the street, leaving the flaming headlight at our backs, and with the cordial good-bys of Dad and Mam still ringing in our ears, I asked Auditor what the joke was.

"Why," said he, "Dad and Mam Ferris have been right on that spot for sixteen years and they're institutions. All the fellows know them and tell them their troubles and go to them to be doctored and petted and encouraged. They've got so used to it that I really don't know how they would get on without the old folks. Well, one day Mam was talking and it came out that she was just pining to go to the Omaha exposition. No one had ever thought of that. Mam had never been known to go anywhere. She hadn't even had time to go to church. If it isn't the passenger boys it's the freight crew that's taking up her time, and she never has time to say that her soul is her own. In fact, I suppose she has forgotten a long time ago that she belongs to herself. How she came to think of the exposition I don't know. But she said to one of the boys: 'A body might feel herself mighty fortunate to be able to go to that show. It must be pretty.' Well, it came across some of us what it would mean to her and Dad to go there and see the thing, and how surprised they would be at night when the white buildings were all lit up with electricity. So Reynolds—Tim Reynolds, you know—started it. He was telling Dawson, the General Passenger Agent at Omaha, about the matter, and Dawson sent on transportation."

Then we clubbed together and got a new suit for Dad and new dress for Mam and head gear and parasol and all manner of truck. Nelson of the Executive committee of the exposition, used to be one of their "boys" and he forwarded a pass, and Hawthorne, the Division Superintendent at Omaha, made them come to his house and put up. They had everything going, I tell you. They staid two weeks and went to the theater and did the Midway and went through the exposition ground as faithfully as children learn a lesson. They meant to get all out of it they could. They came back proud as peacocks, and kind of crushed by everybody's kindness. I swear, they cried for a month, till we told them if they didn't let up we'd set up a lunch counter at the station. So they wiped their eyes and made a joke of it. And now all you have to do is ask them if they have ever traveled."

We were back to our places in the mail car by this time. I grabbed a fresh sack and began my task, but it was several minutes before I could see the directions on the envelopes with perfect clearness. Then it occurred to me that I would better follow the example of Dad and Mam, so I dried my eyes and fell to laughing.

"What's the matter with you?" sung out Auditor.

"I was just thinking what a blistering good story that was about Dad and Mam."

"Well," said he, indignantly, "it takes a good while for you to get to the laughing point seems to me!"

I didn't tell him the reason why.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Laziness of Kaffirs.

One of the miners in the copper country will turn out as much work as five of our men. We have to employ Kaffir labor. Kaffirs are notoriously lazy, and they require constant supervision or they will quit work altogether. With every five Kaffirs one white man is employed. One hole drilled with a hand drill is considered a day's stint for a Kaffir. Although our employes do not get as much pay individually as the miners hereabouts, yet labor costs us much more, because one of the copper country miners will do as much work as five Kaffirs. In Oom Paul's domain the natives are restricted by stringent laws. When a native is employed in the Transvaal he is given a pass upon his arrival, and he is legally compelled to work for a specified length of time. If he deserts his employer he is arrested. When a native is seen on the streets or highways any white man has a right to demand an inspection of his pass. If he does not produce it, or there is ground for believing that he has not obtained permission from the employer to leave his work, he is taken into custody.—Detroit Tribune.

#### A Homelike Place.

"Yes, we get into county jails occasionally," said the tramp, "but the trouble is they don't keep us long enough. A jail is a homelike place, with plenty to eat, no work and good treatment. We are generally sentenced for three months, but after about four weeks the sheriff picks out three or four of us and says: 'Now, boys, them iron bars on that winder is loose and it's going to be a dark night. Hev some ambition about you.' An old tramp knows what that means, and he is ten miles away before daylight. A tenderfoot figgers to stay on, and next morning the sheriff comes in and finds him there and says: 'What, hain't you got no ambition? Then I'll give you some!' and he boots him out into the yard and sets him to promenadin' around with a log fastened to his leg."

# THE INFLUENCE OF BABEL.

## Racial Unity Not the Same as Linguistic Unity.

The Chinese minister is profoundly affected, as we all are, by the result of the building of Babel. The numerous languages and dialects of the world hinder seriously, he thinks, the progress and unity of mankind, says the London Spectator. We are not so sure about the progress, though we admit the unity in great part. Those who have studied most profoundly the history of an important part of mankind—we think, naturally, the most important—viz., Europe, have been of opinion that the diversity of Europe, has been its leading progressive element. Suppose that at the overthrow of the western empire some one of the great Teutonic tribes had imposed its language on Europe, or that the debased Latin of the fifth century had been received and assimilated everywhere. Europe might have been a consequence a unit today, but the rich and varied growths of European literature would not have existed. Uniformity would have prevailed and the impact of mind on mind, of race on race, of speech on speech, of thought on thought, would have been lost to mankind. Think of a Europe in which French, English, Italian, Spanish and German literature had never come to the birth, but in which some one great tongue had tried in vain to express man's varied mind. The Chinese minister, coming from a vast and comparatively uniform empire, can perhaps scarcely realize with adequate force what we in Europe should have lost. Nor are we quite sure that the unity would have been gained in anything like the degree supposed. Unity and uniformity are very different things; and the profoundest unity ever effected, or that can be effected, was produced by a religion which was developed in great cosmopolitan cities where scores of languages were spoken by its converts. We remember of course, the great aid rendered by Greek to Christianity, but it was an aid perhaps more on its philosophical side than on the side of everyday human speech. Racial unity is the next great uniting bond, but racial unity is not the same as linguistic unity; and we see today people—like the Belgians and French, the Italians of Italy and those of Switzerland, the English-speaking dwellers in the United States and Canada—living close together, speaking the same language, and yet not fused or completely united.

#### Justice Brewer as a Story Teller.

Associate Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme court, is one of the best anecdote relaters in Washington, and frequently tells stories on himself. Here is an amusing one: When he was studying law in New York city he evinced some interest in the municipal campaign then on and was invited to make a speech on a certain occasion. He accepted and carefully fortified himself with information on the subject and otherwise preparing for his part of the program he appeared on the platform in ample time. When he got up he made an eloquent depiction of the virtues of his party; he made deep draughts on simile and metaphor; his sentences were exquisitely rounded and it was a masterly example of a class-day oration. The audience sat unmoved, an occasional man alone greeting what he said. The next speaker was an unkempt individual, careless of grammar, who committed a wholesale slaughter of the English language. But he made several good points in a crude way that appealed to the crowd, and when he ended the applause was deafening. As the then would-be lawyer with the fine periods passed out a man behind, not recognizing him, whispered in his ear: "I like that second feller better; he talks sense."

#### Mortality.

One of the counties of the state of Connecticut once boasted of a judge who, though poorly furnished with those little refinements usually met with in polished society, was an energetic, shrewd man, and a promising lawyer. A neighbor of his was about to give away his daughter in marriage, and having a deep-rooted dislike to the clerical profession, and being determined, as he said, "to have no parson in his house," he sent for his friend the judge, to perform the ceremony. The judge came, and the candidates for the connubial yoke taking their places before him, he addressed the bride: "You swear you will marry this man?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And you (addressing the bridegroom) swear you will marry this woman?" "Well, I do," said the groom. "Then," said the judge, "I swear you're married!"

#### Father Needed Attention.

A very small girl sat at a table in the middle of the hotel dining room with her father and mother, relates the Washington Post. Father was obviously a business man, and he ate as if he had spent all his life in a suburban town, where people always eat on the jump and dash off to catch the train with the pastry course in their hands. The child watched with growing disfavor the way he made things fly. At length she turned to her mother. "Mother," she said in her shrill, high, carrying voice, "can't you do something to father to make him stop eating so fast? You spanked me for it." And father's dinner suddenly choked him.

#### No Wonder.

Judge—Tom—Her infatuation was short lived. Jack—Was he a heartless brute? Tom—No; a penniless saint.